THE

Triumphs of London.

Performed on *Monday*, *Octob.* 30th. 1693.

FOR THE

Entertainment of the Right Honourable

Sir William Ashurst, Knight,

LORD MAYOR of the City of

LONDON.

CONTAINING

A True Description of the several Pageants; with the Speeches Spoken on each Pageant.

All set forth at the proper Costs and Charges of the WORSHIPFUL COMPANY of

Merchant-Taylors.

Together with

The Festival SONGS for His Lordship and the Companies Diversion.

By *E. S.*

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To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir William Ashurst, Knight,

LORD MAYOR of the City of *LONDON*.

MY LORD,

IN the present Solemnity of Your Lordship's Inauguration, never was Entry made to that fair Post of Honour, under more Expectations than from Your Lordship, nor more Confidence of seeing those Expectations answered. 'Tis not only the more unthinking Crowd of Homagers, those cheaper Lips, salute You; but Judgment and Sense have their Eyes fixt upon You, as fully satisfied that You bring those ample Qualifications for Our Metropolitan *Royal Representative*, that never Chapplet more fitted the Brow that wears it.

And as no little Illustration to the eminent Figure that so much Worth must make, I may justly say of Your Lordship, That Authority as it never approach'd a *Fairer*, so it never entred under a more *Prideless* Roof than Your Lordship's. For never certainly was Power more affable, nor Command more familiar. Your *State* and Your *Regalia* wait You no farther than Your *Chair*; which more troublesome formal Attendants of *Office* are instantly dismist, and Your more genuine softer Train, all Your Sweetnesses of *Conversation*, and the condescending Graces of *Courtesie*, *Goodness* and *Humanity* are called in as Your gentler and nearer Menials. And to all these there runs that *Bravery* of *Spirit* through You; a Glory so particularly Your own, that in all the Knees that bend before You, You give an occasion to *Thank* wherethey Pray. Your Lordships more generous Goodness is not worshipt by empty Gazers only, but by a more sensible Zeal and Devotion. But not to instance the acknowledgments of Duty and Gratitude, the Addresses and Panegyricks You receive where You have bestowed Smiles and showr'd Favours: Those are no more than the payment

of

of Debts that are owing You; and Greatness and Power every day meet such Homage. No, my Lord, Your Lordship's Virtue soars a pitch yet higher, a Virtue so attractive, as creates You Votaries at a much farther distance: For Your Lordship has reacht a Character so universally Grateful, that You are every where honoured, even where you never obliged.

And indeed 'tis no more than the Common Justice of mankind to pay that Esteem to so *noble* and *publick spirited* a *Principle* as Your Lordship's; Your Lordship, that think Your self made for the World, as well as the World for You, and consequently (not like too many rising Favourites of Fortune that look no higher than home; to be Rich to themselves, and Poor to all mankind besides,) You make it an equal, if not larger part of Your Ambition to hoard a *fair Name* as well as a *fair Mass* to leave behind You.

But in all Your Personal Accomplishments to furnish out the *Magistrate*, Your Lordships innate Gallantry and Honour are in a high measure owing to Your *Generous Extract*, and as *Generous Education*, Derivative from Your Veins, and suckt in from Your Cradle: Your Lordship that possibly has that extraordinary Advantage, that Additional Weight in your Scale, a Blazon so rare, or at least not in every City Coat, as to descend from that fair *Original*, the *Ashursts* of *Ashurst*, a Family that brought in the Gentility in their Blood, and the *Norman* and *Fleur de Lis's* in their Scutcheon, with the First Great *William*; and have ever since continued in that unbroken Chain both of Fortune and Reputation, as has trod as near the Heels of Nobility as any First Rank Gentry in *England*. And as one Honorable Derivative more of Your Lordship's, Your Ancestors have been constant Assertors and Champions of Religion and Virtue, Witness Your Lorship's Uncle in the Reign of King *Charles* the First, who then *High Sheriff* of *Lancashire*, had the hardy Christian Courage as to lay a Criminal by the Heels for the violation of the Sabbath day, though a Transgressor in that kind and at that time within the Verge of *Privilege*, under the Umbrage and Protection of the then newly publisht *Metropolitan Canterbury License* and *Authority*.

But

But whilst my weak Oratory, the meaneſt Trumpet of a Renown ſo conſpicuous, is only repeating of what all Tongues are already filled with; I beſeech You to believe, That this Epiſtle is not addreſt to the Right Honourable Your *Lordſhip*; but the *Right Worthy*, Sir *William*; not any tributary Devoir to the Greatneſs You wear for a Year, but the great Soul You wear always. For as Your Lordſhip's preſent Dignity is not preſented You as a Gift, but paid You as a Reward; under that conſideration, to level at the true Object of our Veneration, we muſt look beyond the Robe You wear, to the *Merit* that put it on. For the Foundation of *True Honour*, is like that of the *Pyramide*: The Baſis is always larger than the Pinnacle that Crowns it. 'Tis in that capacity, as both an Honour to the City, and an Ornament to Your Country, I Congratulate Your Lordſhip's Acceſſion to Your *Prætorian Chair*, and our proud *Metropolis*'s Happineſs in ſuch a *Member*, and ſuch a *Magiſtrate*, being with no little Pride,

MY LORD,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt Devoted and moſt Obedient Servant.

E. SETTLE.

TO THE HONOURABLE COMPANY OF Merchant-Taylors.

Gentlemen,

WHEN I address to You as Merchant-Taylors, *that very Name alone, without my particular Survey of the collected Body of so Honourable a Company, is enough to take up no little part both of my Speculation and Veneration. For do we visit the utmost Reach and Extents of Land and Sea: make the very boundless Ocean a Tributary to the narrower* Thames, *and bring home the Wealth of the Universe to our own Doors? Who but the Merchant is that commission'd Purveyour, and travelling Treasurer? What's the whole Mass and Wealth of Ransack Nature, but his rich Hoard! The very Jemms of Crowns and Robes of Kings, Their Ermyn, and their Purple, their Pearls, and their Rubies, are all but his Richer Cargo. Do the glittering Palaces of Monarchs in all their Lustre and Magnificence so dazle our weak Eyes? Their Splendor is no more than the Oar refined from the Merchants Mint; and their Embroydery but his Drapery; being all first the Riches of His Wooden Walls, before they are the Ornaments of their Marble Roofs.*

What is the Merchant but the Surrounder and Circler of the spacious Globe, that draws the only Lines of Communication betwixt the Conversing and Commercing Regions of the Earth. Were it not for the Merchant, we had lived altogether in an unsociable World: Our very next Neighbourhood had been a downright Terra-Incognita *to us; whilst pent up in their own narrower untrafficking Precincts, whole Kingdoms*

and

and Nations had been little less than a larger sort of Cloyster's and Cells. Then the product of our own Glebe only must have furnish both our Kitchin and our Wardrobe. Nay our very Monarchs themselves must have been contented to have taken up with a homlier mettald Crown, possibly such another as the Isle of Mann's Diadem; and their very Coronation Mantle, (though no Disparagement to our own native Growth, the Fleece of the Sheep that buys the Jewels of the Crown) instead of the richer Orient Embroydery, the Silkworms softer Spinstry, and the Ermins whiter Down, must at highest have reach'd but to Woolt and Lambskins. Thus the Pavilion Royal is but justly a part of the Merchant-Taylors Scutcheon: For whilst the Imperial Hero marches to the Field, and sweats in Arms all Day; he sleeps at Night under Your Umbrage, whilst not only his Tent of War, but his Canopy of Peace is all Your own.

Thus the Great Columbus in his Discovery of a new World, only open'd a new Door to the Merchants Glory; whilst after their long Addresses and Visits to their European, Asian, and African three old Mistresses; they had found out a new fair American Sister to pay their new Court and Devoirs to; and to plume themselves in the Wealth of the rich Dowr She brought them.

We may justly rank the whole Industry of mankind under these two Classes, That of the Husbandman, and this of the Merchant. And indeed there's so far an Allyance and proportion betwixt both their Toyls and Labours, that 'tis all but the Work of the Plough: His that turns up the Glebe of the Earth, and Yours Your Keele that ploughs the Main. And as the Fruits of Bountiful Nature are his Harvest; So the Riches of it are Yours: Only with this Difference between You, That the Husbandman is but the Subminister or Underfactor of the Merchant. The sweat of His Brow gets the Bread: But Your Gold pays that sweat; and indeed drives both Plough and Ploughman

Amongst the several Pageants of the Day, all suited to the Lustre and Renown of Your Honourable Foundation, the Fair Minerva in both her Capacities, viz. the Goddess of Arts and Arms, is but the true Emblem and Portrait of Your Glory. For Arts are all so intirely Your own, that You resemble the Ocean, on which You Trade. For as into that all the Lesser Rivers flow: So the Toyls and Industry of the whole Land, from the Spinstry of the Cottage, to the Loom of the Burgh, and the Woof

of the City, all Center in the Merchant. And as the Wealth and Improvements of Peace are so justly Yours, no less are the Prowess and Strength of Arms Your own too. For as the Nerves and Sinews of Trade are the Life and Soul of War; 'Tis only as the Merchant leads the Battle moves.

And now Gentlemen, having brought You thus far in Your fair Chace of Honour, here Ile leave You, and heartily wish, so may You all unanimously lead, and make the Battle so successfully move; That England *may live to see her long Effeminacy shook off: and have yet a Race of the Third* Edward *and Fifth* Henry *Boys, as may still carry Terror to the too powerful neighbouring Lillies, and raise up the Heads of her own Royal Lyons.*

With this hearty Prayer I subscribe my Self,

GENTLEMEN,

Your most Faithful Servant

E. Settle.

THE

The Movements of the Morning.

Between Seven and Eight in the Morning the whole Company deſign'd for the Duty of the Day, meet at Merchant-Taylors Hall.

1. THE Maſter, Wardens, and Aſſiſtants, in Gowns faced with Foins, and their Hoods.
2. The Livery in their Gowns faced with Budg, and their Hoods.
3. Forty Foins Batchelors in Gowns and Scarlet Hoods.
4. Forty Budg-Batchelors in Gowns and Scarlet Hoods.
5. Forty Gentlemen Uſhers in Velvet Coats, each of them a Chain of Gold about his Sholder, and a White-Staff in his Hand.
6. Several Drums and Fifes with Scarfs and Colours of the Company in their Hats, Blew and White.
7. The Serjeant Trumpet, and Twenty Four Trumpets more, whereof Sixteen are their Majeſties, the Serjeant-Trumpet wearing Two Scarfs, a Blew and a White.
8. The Drum-Major-general to the King, wearing a Shoulder-Scarf of the Companies Colours, with others of Their Majeſties Houſehold Drums and Fifes.
9. The Two City-Marſhals, each of them Mounted on Horſe-back, with rich Furniture, Hooſings, and Crupper all Imbroider'd: Six Servitors likewiſe Mounted to Attend, with Scarfs and Colours of the Companies.
10. The Foot-Marſhal with a Scarf, and Six Attendants in Colours.
11. The Maſter of Defence with the ſame Scarf and Colours, Eight Perſons of the ſame Science to Attend him.

12. Twenty Penſioners with Coats and Caps, employ'd in carrying of Standards and Banners.

13. Seventy Penſioners in Blew-Gowns, White-Sleeves and Blew Caps, each of them carrying a Javeling in one Hand, and a Target in the other, wherein is Painted the Coat-Armour of their Founders, and Benefactors of the Company. All theſe are uſher'd by Twenty perſonable Figures in Roman Crimſon Habits, and Silver Head-peices with the Arms of the Honourable Company, the City and the Lord Mayor, Back and Breaſt, bearing Lictors Staffs, and Silver Axes.

Thus order'd, and accommodated, they are commited to the management of the Foot-Marſhal, who diſtributes them in Seven Diviſions, rank'd all two by two, beginning with the inferior part of the Standard Bearers. In the head of them are placed two Drums one Fife, and a Gentleman, bearing the Companies Arms.

In the Rear of them, two Gentlmen bearing Banners, containing the Arms of the deceaſed Benefactors.

After them march the aged Penſioners in Gowns, and in the Centre of them fall two Drums.

In the Rear of them three Drums, one Fife, and two Gentlemen in Pluſh-Coats, bearing two Banners, one of Their Majeſties, the other of the Companies. After them Six Gentlemen Uſhers, follow'd by the Budg-Batchelors.

The next, two Gentlemen bearing two other Banners. After them Six Gentlemen Uſhers, ſucceeded by the Foins Batchelors.

In the Rear fall in two Drums, and a Fife. Then two Gentlemen, one bearing my Lord MAYORS, the other the City Banners. Then Twelve Gentlemen Uſhers, and after them the Court of Aſſiſtance, which makes the laſt Diviſion.

The Right Honourable the LORD MAYOR, with the Principal Aldermen and Sheriffs, Mounts His Horſe, with the Aldermen two by two, the Sheriffs in the Rear.

In this Equipage of two and two, the whole Body move toward *Grocers-Hall*, where the Lord Mayor Elect joyns with the Old Lord Mayor and his Retinue; whence all of them in this Order march through *Kingſtreet* down to *Three-Crane-Wharf*, there entering into their ſeveral Barges which are gloriouſly adorned with Flags and Pendants

Pendants, His Lordſhip and this Gallant Company all Landing at *Weſtminſter*, is conducted to the Exchequer-Bar; there having performed ſeveral Ceremonial and Cuſtomary Duties, and taken the Oaths to their Majeſties, he returns again by Water to *Black-Friers Stairs*, with Drums beating, Trumpets ſounding, Muſick playing, *&c.*

There his Lordſhip, and the ſeveral Companies landing from their Reſpective Barges, the reſt of the Attendants that went not to *Weſtminſter*, waiting for his Reception, the whole Body moves in Order before him towards *Cheapſide*.

The Firſt Pageant.

The LAMB.

UPon a Stage is a ſtately Pedeſtal richly ornamented, whereon the Coat of the Honourable Company, the Silver *Lamb* is planted. On a Deſcent beneath on the four Corners are four Palm-Trees, adorned with Crowns, Coronets and Laurels, being the emblematical Trophies of the Worthy Predeceſſors, as Members or Benefactors of the Honourable Company of Merchant-Taylors. On the four ſquare ſides, Quadranglar ways, are planted four Figures, *viz. Peace*, *Humility*, *Patience* and *Mercy*, in their proper Attire and Ornaments, theſe four being the requiſite Attendance of Innocence, emblemiz'd in the Figure of the Lamb; and the Palm tree being not only a proper Field for the Lamb, but likewiſe alluding to Truth and Virtue, which according to the Motto of the Palm (*Creſcit ſub pondere Virtus*) the more 'tis depreſſed the higher 'twill riſe.

THE

The Second Pageant.

The Temple of CONCORD.

A Lofty Structure is erected, ſupported upon four noble Pillars or Columns with all the Etableture according to the Compoſitive order. Over all is a ſtately *Domo*, compleatly adjuſted in circular Figure, whereon is erected a Magnificent *Cupulo*, with a *Golden Lyon* placed in Chief, carrying a Banner of the Kings Arms.

Underneath this Dome ſit four Figures richly attired in ſilken Habits, The firſt proper to the Hieroglyphich of *Harmony*; and the other three Theological Virtues *Faith*, *Hope*, and *Charity*. Theſe thre Divine Virtues being not only the neceſſary Attendants of *Harmony* and *Union*; but likewiſe very applicacable to the Honourable Company for their *Foundations* of *Religion*, *Learning*, and *Charity*. Theſe three Virtues bear three Scutcheons on which are inſcribed their proper Mottoes.

At the four Corners of this Fabrick ſit four more Figures properly habited, as *Temperance*, *Truth*, *Zeal*, and *Conſtancy* with ſilver Banners diſplayed, with the Kings, Cities, and Lord Mayors and Companies Arms, in all Reſpects ſuited to the Glory of the Day.

Harmony

Harmony thus Addresses to His Lordship.

WHen the proud Towers of *Concords* Temple rise,
Her Basis stands on Earth, and Head ith' Skyes;
Heavens darling Blessing, and the Worlds fair Soul;
Concord, the mighty Axis turns the Pole.
Till her fair Head above the Waters bore
'Twas Chaos and Confusion all before.
Concord, by whom Truth raigns, and Empires stand,
States flourish, all by her supporting Hand.
As such the Shrine, and such the Deity,
What must the Founder of her Temple be?
That, Sr's, Your Work: Our Concords Walls You build,
Whilst Our Prætorian Chair thus nobly fill'd,
Such Massy Worth and Morals so refin'd,
Such leading Virtue with true Honour joyn'd,
Shall stand those fair Examples for mankind;
Till Our blest Gates with Love and Union fill'd,
Fair Concords Brightest Wreath Your Brow shall guild.
Nor th' Happy *London's* only shall You bless,
But Your own *Merchant-Taylors* Walls no less,
With such United Worth enricht and stor'd,
'Twixt such a Master there, here such a Lord.

The Third Pageant.

The CHARIOT.

UPon a very Large Stage is fixt a Noble Triumphant Chariot, (drawn by two Golden Camels) richly and curiosly adorn'd, with all the Glorious Ornaments of Carved Work as Art can perform, in its gliding and painting, and all Illustration enricht with several Delightful Figures, as well Artificial as Natural lively represented, and properly appertaining to the Solemnity of the Day. On the most Noble and Greatest Seate of this Structure sits *Minerva*, the Goddess in Chief of all the Arts and Sciences, a person of a Majestick Aspect, attir'd with long thick bright curld Hair, on her Head a Silver Head-peice, graced with a high flourishing Plume of Feathers consisting of divers Falls; she is attired in Rich Robe of Gold furfled with Silver, and over all a Noble Scarf of Carnation silk fringed with Gold, with a Crimson Mantle laid with Ermyn. In one Hand she bears a Bannor of the Companies Arms, in the other a Sheild of the Cities Arms. On a Descent beneath her are placed three Graces, *viz. Vigilance*, *Diligence*, and *Labour*, being expresst by the Kettle Drums and Trumpets. In the Front of these, remote from the former, sits a Figure personating Time, who holds the Reins of these two stately Camels excellently carved and gilded, and painted in equal proportion to the Life, with Trappings of Crimson and Silver, and Crimson Bridles, as being the supporters of the Honourable Company of *Merchant-Taylors* Arms. This Figure of Time is so order'd to hold the Reins of this Triumphant Chariot, as intimating the Antiquity of this Honourable Company, the Records of their Magnificence and Glory, having lasted so many long Ages past, and whose Chariot shall still drive on till Time it self shall finish. On the Backs of the two Camels are seated, or mounted two

two ſweat young Yrinces, a Negro and a Pawny, the one an *Aſian*, and the other an *African*, in their Richeſt Robes, attired in the moſt Princely Dreſs of thoſe Countries, with Coronets on their Heads beſet with plumes of variety of diverſe coloured Feathers. In their Right Hands they bear two diſplaid Banners, one the Cities, the other the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor intimating their Fealty and Submiſſion to the Heroick Monarch of *Great Britain*, the ſole Sovereign of the Sea, and ſo far Lord of the World from Our Britiſh Communion and Traffick in the Richeſt *Aſian* and *African* Commerce, *&c.* And likewiſe implying their Ambition to hold an amicable Correſpondence with this Renown'd City. Moreover, upon this Stage are placed three Figures repreſenting the Seaſons of the Day, *viz.* Morning, Noon, and Evening; attired in their proper Habits, with gilded Banners ſuitable to 'em all, intimating that Vigilence, Diligence and Labour are the Duties of every Hour of Life: and at each Corner is four Golden Cypreſs Trees. His Lorſhip is ſaluted by *Minerva* in this Speech, *&c.*

SIr, in Your bright Inauguration Glory,
Amongſt the humble Knees that bend before You,
With the juſt Tribute of her earlyeſt Vows
Thus low the dutiful *Minerva* bows:
Arts and Wits Sacred Goddeſs, with her fair
Triumphant Chariot, waits Your nobler Chair.
Yes Sir, whilſt *London* Europes proudeſt Town,
And *Albion*'s faireſt Head, Your power muſt own;
Her Wheel, her Loom, her Induſtry, are all
But Menials, Sir, to Your commanding Call:
Her Arts encouraging Lord is only You;
Nor is Wits Patron leſs Your Title too:
Both Atributes ſo well You have deſerved;
Wit, I am ſure, ne're kinder Maſter ſerv'd.
Then Sir beneath the influence of Your Reign,
I, and my Muſes, all Your Duteous Train,
Shall ſing Your praiſes in that chearful Chorus,
From this bleſt Day ſmile the whole Year before us.

The Fourth Pageant.

The SHIP.

AS a farther Teſtimony of their Zeal and Eſteem for his Lordſhip, they preſent my Lord with a Ship, named the *William and Mary*, a Merchant Adventurer. This Ship is laden with Cloth, Silk and Stuffs of all ſorts, as repreſenting the Traffick in which His Lordſhip deals into Foraign Countries. This ſtately Veſſel bears all her Guns, with Antients and Pendants, Streamers, Flaggs Standarts, Tackling, Braces, Bowls, Cables, Anchors, Sayls and Cordages, and all ſort of Rigging appertaining to a Merchant-Man of that Burden, being richly gilded and painted with all her Waſte Cloaths.

On board this Ship are a Captain and his Mate, a Boſewain and Mariner, each man at work, ſome at the main Tack, others at the main Braces, others the Bowlings, ſome climbing up to the Main-top, others ſiting croſs the Yard-Arms. Others with Quarter Canns drinking the King and Queens Health; the Lord Mayors, and the Honourable Companies, with Guns fireing, Shouts, Huzahs and Acclamations, as the Expreſſions of their Joy for his Lordſhip's Inauguration, and their Dutiful ſalutes to welcome him to the Chair, with Songs and Trumpets ſounding, proper to the Action and the Honour of the Merchant-Taylors.

The Captain with his Crew placing themſelves on the Quarter-Deck, dreſt in Indian ſilks, with rich Fur Caps, attired like Seafaring men; the Boſewain having given his ſignal by a whiſtle, and commanded ſilence, the Syrens being placed in the Sea leave off their melodious Muſick, and diſplay their Bannors whilſt the Captain accoſts his Lordſhip.

Strick

STrike Saylor, ſtrike, Your Homaging Topſayls lower,
And humbly vaile to yond commanding Power,
That awful Power that fills our ſwelling Sayl,
And whoſe kind Smile lends all our proſperous Gale.
Our duteous Tribute, Sir, is all Your Due;
Our Canvaſs Wings are only plumed for You:
For You alone our Tritons Trumpets ſound;
And our pleas'd Nereids Dance their watry round.
And if, when Your Great Name of Honour calls,
The rattling Muſick from our wooden Walls
Does with her loudeſt Mouths of Thunder roar,
'Tis to ſalute the Lord that rules our Shore.
But what, alas, ith' Triumphs of this Day
Can my poor Flags and humble Pinnace Pay,
To You that guide a prouder Helm than Mine;
Glory that does with brighter Streamers ſhine?
And ſince our fair Metropolis's Command
Is lodg'd in ſuch an Honourable Hand,
The ſafe *Auguſta* ſhall no Shipwrack fear,
Whilſt ſo much Virtue her great Bark ſhall ſtear.

The Fifth Pageant.

The ARCADIAN PLAIN.

WIthin this large Plain are Eleven or Twelve Figures, all cloath'd in their proper Habits, as Nymphs and Shepherds of *Arcadia*, with gilded Streamers and Bannors, being the Enſigns of Honour, of the Worthy Members of the Honourable Company. Amongſt theſe is *Induſtry* a Spinning, and ſeveral of the Shepherdeſſes, ſome Carding and ſome Cutting of Wooll, and all Singing and Dancing, when the Matron or Miſtreſs of the Fami-

ly calls from Work, they having all their Scrips and Wallets, Bottles of Leather, and Baskets with Shepherds Crooks and Straw Hats and Garlands of Flowers round their Heads, the Pageant being all ornamented ſuitable to ſo rural a place, and enliven'd with variety of Paſtoral Muſick accordingly. In the Front of this pleaſant Plain is planted a gilded Lyon, the Plain all ſtrewed with Greens and Flowers, and other Ornaments befitting the place, and alſo proper for ſo Noble an Augmentation that was given from one of the Kings of *England*, out of his own Imperial Arms, in Honour of the Worſhipful Company of Merchant-Taylors, for ſome very Illuſtrious Acts of Chivalry performed by the Famous and Noble Sir *John Hawkwood*, once a Member of this Royal Society, whereof has been Eleven Kings, Twenty two Princes and Dukes, Twenty ſeven Biſhops, Forty ſeven Earls, Seventy ſeven Lords and Barons; beſides Ninteen Lord Mayors to this preſent Year, who all received the Honour of Knighthood.

In the Rear of this Pageant is ſeated on a Throne, a Soldier under a Royal Canopy, as the Arms of the Honourable Company attended on each hand by two Perſons in Parliamentary Robes, who addreſſes his Speech to his Lordſhip, himſelf repreſenting that Famous and Memorable *Hawkwood*.

BEhold, before me on theſe Verdant Plains
The Crooks, the Fleece, the Wheel, the Nymphs and Swains,
All Homagers to the Merchant-Taylors Name;
Thir Rural Reeds the Trumps of Your fair Fame:
And whilſt theſe Sons of Peace ith' Front appear
Your *Hawkwood*, Son of War, brings up the Rear.
Hawkwood who, that bold Martial Champion ſtood,
Whoſe once Illuſtrious Feats in Fields of Blood,
In Your Rich Scutcheon fixt that fair Renown,
A borrow'd Lyon from the Britiſh Crown.
But why do we revive old *Hawkwood*'s Name,
When we have a Younger Nobler Heir of Fame;
Your Lorſhip whoſe Renown outvies his poorer Story,
Who dare as much for Truth, as *Hawkwood* durſt for Glory.

A SONG

A SONG.

I.

TO ſing the Renown of the brave *Merchant-Taylors*
Come blow a freſh Gale, Boys, and Hey jolly Saylors.
For weell merrily troll
All around round the Pole;
Weell cut the Sea through;
And bring home the Wealth of the Indian *Peru*.
For the World has no Lord but the Merchant alone,
And the whole *Phenix* Neſt, Boys, is all but Your own.
Then ith' Triumphs of the Day,
To the Merchants weell pay
Our heartieſt Zeal and Devotion:
Weell ſing, and weell laugh,
And the Bowls that we quaff
Shall hold a whole little little Ocean.

II

Weell cut through the Line, Boys; then hey merry Saylors,
From *Cancer* to *Capricorn* bold *Merchant-Taylors*:
'Tis for You the North Swain
Drives the Great *Charles* his Wain:
The Star at the Pole
For You lends the Needle her whole Life and Soul;
Whilſt the Sun in the Skyes, and the Stars in their Glory
Are all but Your Linkboys to travel before You.
Then, &c.

III.

To the jolly God *Cupid* do Mortals build Altars;
And ſing Loves ſoft Chorus in ſweet Virgin Pſalters?
Does the Beauty Divine
In its whole Glory ſhine?
Tho' bright as the Morn
'Tis the Merchants rich Wardrobes proud *Venus* adone.

Her downy soft Sweets all but his rich Perfumes;
And our Mistresses shrine but in his borrow'd Plumes.
Then, &c.

IV.

In City and Country, both Profit and Pleas[illegible]
Come all from the Hoard of the Merchants rich Treasure.
Even the poor Country Cloun,
When he comes up to Town,
No sooner he goes
To buy a new Topknot for *Peggy* and *Rose*,
But merrily home again home he trips down,
And thanks the kind Merchant for *Johns* Wedding Gown.
Then, &c.

V.

Do we drink a brisk Health to Great *William* and *Mary*
In blushing fair Claret, or smiling Canary?
When the Conduits run Wine,
What's the Nectar Divine!
That cheers up our Souls,
But the Merchants rich Juice, Boys, that Sparks in our Bowls?
And the proud Golden Goblet we drink in's no more,
Than a Relick a Relick from the Merchants fair Store.
&c.

The Pageantry concluding, the Lord Mayor and the whole Train move off to Dinner, which finishes the Solemnity of the Day.

FINIS